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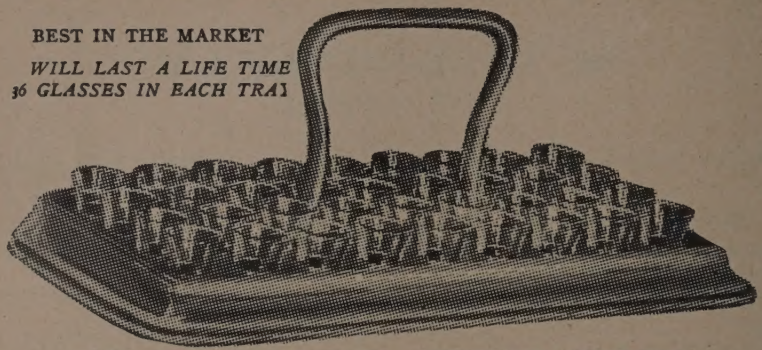

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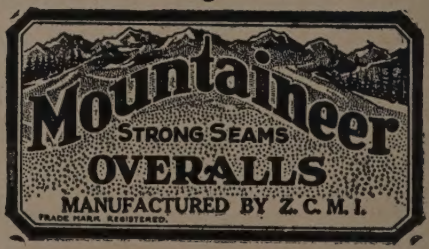

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THE MOCKING-BIRD

Annie Pike Greenwood

Hark in the orchard! Thus begins the play:
The raucous, scraping fiddle of the jay;
The nightingale has brought a silver flute;
The meadow-lark his melancholy lute;
The liquid speech of robin, and a note
Of lamentation from the mourning throat
Of some domestic dove. Who speaks so clear
Of, "Pretty! Pretty! Pretty! come thou here!"?
'Tis but an elfin whistle worded so
Some little, trembling, waiting heart may know.

Silence.—And then a wicked sound of glee—
Demoniac chuckling in the apple-tree.
Who is this mocker who has dared to flout
Such happy music with unhappy doubt?

A pair of wings, cream-tinted, swim the air;
The play is o'er, the orchard theatre bare:
Musician, singer, lover, these were one
With him who ended all in graceless fun.

Artist or clown, jester or poet-bird,
It cannot be our listening hearts were stirred
By some slight trickery which thy brothers scorn:
Thou art a genius—thou the son of morn!

O mocking-bird! learn thou the lesson hard
(That comes, alas! to many a human bard!)
Better thine own small, happy song unheard
Than the interpreter of every bird;
Mimic them all, and mock them all in turn—
So shalt thy restless heart forever burn.
They have reality, and thou the play—
Seek thou thy mate while yet it is the May.
Better a song of home, safe in the nest,
Than faring far as everybody's guest.
Hast thou, O mocking-bird, a song thine own?—
Then go!—and sing it to thy mate alone.

Foot Note.—Not long after Annie Pike Greenwood's marriage she moved to the state of Kansas. During the period of her residence in Garden City, Kansas, she lived in a large house surrounded by an orchard. Close to her window was an apple tree to which a mocking-bird made frequent visits. One day after listening to its singing she wrote the poem called "The Mocking-Bird."

This poem has great literary merit; fortunately the writer has chosen a bird that few other poets have written of. Poems to the meadow-lark, the sky-lark and the nightingale are frequently found in our literature; we welcome this poem dedicated to a bird that has seldom stirred the poet's soul. This poem we feel will be appreciated not only by those who are lovers of poetry, perhaps it will be equally prized by those who love nature and love the artist's interpretation of nature.—*Editors.*

A Mother's Love

Selected and Submitted by M. L. White

One calm, bright, sunshiny day an angel stole out of heaven and came down to this earth and roamed the field and forest, city and hamlet, and just as the sun went down, he meditated and said, "My visit is o'er, I must go back to the world of light, but before I go I will gather some mementos of my visit here," and he looked over into the beautiful flower garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant these flowers are," and he plucked the rarest rose and said, "I see nothing more beautiful or fragrant than these. I will take them with me." But he looked a little farther and saw a beautiful rosy cheeked babe, smiling into its mother's face, "Oh! that baby's smile is prettier than the flowers, I will take that too." Then he looked just beyond the cradle and there was a mother's love pouring out like the sunlight from Heaven toward the cradle and the babe. He said, "Oh! that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth, I will carry that, too, as my treasure." He went his way to Heaven and said, "Before I go in I will examine my mementos," and he looked at the flowers and they had withered, he looked at the baby's smile, it had faded away, but the mother's love was there in all its fragrance and beauty. He threw aside the withered flowers and the faded smile and led the hosts of Heaven saying, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance into Heaven: *A Mother's love.*"

THE MOTHER — *by James MacNeil Whistler*

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Relief Society Magazine

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The Mother, by James MacNeil Whistler

By Henry Turner Bailey

[This interpretation of Whist'er's great painting "Mother," is reprinted by permission from a book entitled *Twelve Great Paintings*, by Henry Turner Bailey, published by The Prang Company of Chicago. Mr. Bailey is the Director of the Cleveland School of Art, and one of the most noted interpreters of art in America.—*Editors.*]

In the midst of the rival beauties of the Luxemburg, gaily over-dressed in splendid paint, or boldly nude in gleaming marble, I suddenly discovered this quiet woman, modestly clothed and in her right mind. She had evidently set her face as a flint. Her eyes looked straight forward; they would not behold a wicked person. She arrested my steps. In life, "the charm of her presence was felt by everyone who came near her." That charm has been immortalized in this picture by her immortal son. I lost desire for the company of others, that morning, and stood before the canvas long and long, until now whenever I shut my eyes I can see its subdued grays, its lustrous black, its pale cream and rose, and feel the soothing harmony of its composition, like a full, deep, soft chord of organ music flooding all the place with peace.

This is the "arrangement in gray and black" that the hanging committee of the Royal Academy rejected in 1872, until Sir William Boxhall forced its acceptance on threat of resignation. This is Mr. Whistler's "beautiful pattern of color and of line" of which he wrote to Fantin, "To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother, but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the subject?"

The public never has been greatly interested in mere arrangements of color and of line, and perhaps never will be. The men and women who are sensitive to rhythmic measures will always rejoice in the harmonic relations within this frame, in the rhyming verticals and horizontals, in the orderly scale of five low values, in the subtle harmony of analogous tones, in the perfect balance of diverse attractions, in the unassuming but absolute

supremacy of the face over everything else; but the mass of men and women who constitute the public will always be interested in this picture primarily because of the subject itself, never suspecting that in these very harmonic relations, to which the artist gave lifelong study, lies the supreme charm of the picture. They are as potent as the drawing and modeling of the face itself in producing the impression which the masterpiece gives, of refinement, dignity, and repose, of perfectly embodied righteous Motherhood.

This is a picture of Whistler's mother, of the woman who bore him in pain, who nursed him in sickness, who prized his first crude drawings, who taught him his Bible, and brought him up to hate insincerity and sham. She often feared her boy was "not keeping to the straight and narrow way," she never approved of his painting on Sunday, but nevertheless, she stood by "Jemmie" through evil report and good report and won from him the admiration of his passionate but locked-up heart. The haughty, insolent, sharp-tongued author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, was always "considerate and kind above all to his mother." He escorted her to church on Sunday, called her "Mummy" (his baby name for her) to the end of his days, and hung her picture in his bedroom, where he could see it last at night and first in the morning. When the dealer, Mrs. Noseda, with whom he was forced to place it to raise money during his "hard times," offered it for sale for a hundred pounds, Whistler gave her such an abusive scolding that she became ill! When at last the picture was purchased by the French government for the Luxemburg, he said, "Of all my pictures I would prefer for *The Mother* so solemn a consecration."

What a life that mother lived! When in 1842 her husband was called to Russia to build that famous railroad, drawn by the Emperor as everybody knows straight on the map from city to city, she stayed behind until the children should be a little older. A year later with her four children she made the long journey to join her husband in Europe. One of the precious boys sickened and died on the way and the little body was left at Kronstadt. With what tears and smiles man and wife must have met! For her husband she made that "Little American Home" at Galernaya. In 1848, she was in England with her children. In 1849, she was in Russia again, but without the children. Then her husband died. The Emperor started her on the lonely journey to England, in his own royal barge! But what cared she for the honor with her good man dead in his service? With an income reduced from $12,000 a year to $1,500 she returned to the United States to educate the boys, and to make a home for them at Pomfret, Connecticut. Then "Jemmie" went to West Point, to Paris, to England;

and to England she went again, there to share his long struggle for recognition and success.

When her son asked her to sit for this portrait, how surprised she was! How she blushed and refused! How happy she was within, and how hesitant without! How embarrassed when at last she consented, just to please her boy! Can you not see the little drama enacting again? Only her best black dress would be equal to such an occasion; only her best lace cap, only her best handkerchief. Then she let her foolish boy place the chair where he pleased, and she took her seat before him. The tired feet, that had traveled over half the world with him, were placed decently together on the low footstool; the old hands, worn with a life of hard work, were folded in the lap, half hidden in the handkerchief. She thought they were not beautiful any more, like the hands of the fine ladies whom he had been painting of late. The shoulders, bent with the burden of life, were rested against the back of the stiff chair. What use had she, Scotch by birth and Puritan by training, for the luxurious ease of a modern rocker!

There she sits, alone in her clean orderly room. There is no husband now for whose return to prepare; there are no children now whose toys must be picked up, whose twisted clothing must be straightened out before the morrow. The house is still. On the walls are only pictures, symbols of her memories; behind her, pictures known only to herself—we judge of their presence by the corner of a frame; by her side the picture of the present Chelsea, her English home, which we can make out but dimly; before her the dark curtain, which hides the future from her eyes as well as ours.

But what a dear old face! Refined, strong, sensitive, "with an intense pathos of significance, and tender depth of expression," as Swinburne said, the record of a long, grave life of loyal devotion to duty, of self-forgetful service of God and man.

There she sits, all alone, waiting; her eyes beholding the land that is afar off. Of the old school in manner, a little old-fashioned in dress, a little troubled in the laxity of her son's ways, a little embarrassed by the prominence into which he has forced her, but with the eyes of faith undimmed and the native force of her will unabated, that is Whistler's Mother. I gaze at her face until I know what was in Walt Whitman's heart when he wrote,

> "Young women are beautiful,
> But old women are more beautiful."

I look at her until my heart warms. Old memories come creeping back to me. I must have seen that face somewhere; I must have known that woman. Suddenly my throat tightens, my eyes swim with tears. Ah! That is the portrait of *my* mother, too; God bless her.

"Mother"

Claire Stewart Boyer

Unknown creator of our lives art thou,
When on the brink of this our world-to-be,
With heritage thou only couldst endow,
Thy children start their furtive destiny.

Then slowly as the dark slips from our eyes,
We see thee watching o'er us tenderly,
And every care bestow Athena-wise,
And so we learn to watch and call for thee.

And as the days make years, our thoughts take wing,
On words that we have mastered with thy aid,
We turn to thee with all our questioning,
And when we pray, our prayer for thee is made.

But youth is always headstrong in the fight,
Self-confident we need no counselor,
Believing that we know the test of right,
We shun thy truths and warnings more and more.

But finally that day of days arrives,
When all thy teaching of life's mastery,
Comes back with double meaning to our lives,
And we in rev'rence bless the name of thee;

We welcome every tried and tested way,
We ask for thy good judgment here and there,
Our children 'round thee in the dooryard play,
And stroke thy well-loved silken, silver hair.

And then our problems mount and mount again,
  And half forgetting thy own golden years,
Thou strivest to find balm for all our pain,
  In thy religious calm of prayer and tears;

We question then if thou dost understand,
  This age of work and fight and give and take,
So different from thy simple pilgrim band,
  That lived so simply for religion's sake.

Perhaps belike we comprehend the less,
  That thy great mission here is almost done,
Until upon thy cheeks our children press
  The seal of love and call thee "dearest one:"

For they have also learned to watch and call,
  And ask thy aid and comfort just as we,
So long ago placed in thy hands our all,
  And asked for nothing but that thou might'st see.

Thus in our joy thou gainest happiness,
  And in our sorrow greatest comfort givest,
And so in gratitude thy name we bless,
  And thank the God of Life that thou still livest.

But even as all things must seeming pass,
  So thou must walk an unknown way before,
But thou hast left the gift of Peace, and last—
  A love eternal, could we ask for more?

Again unknown and yet the greatest force,
  That ever on the face of earth has trod:
We pray that in thy footsteps in thy course,
  We too may follow to the gates of God.

Mothers

By Alice Louise Reynolds

THE GIRL MOTHER OF FRANCE

Henrietta Saget lives in Nantes, France. When she was sixteen years of age, she lost her mother. That was in 1912, just two years before the outbreak of the great European war. The loss of her mother left her the care of six brothers and sisters, her father, and an aged grandmother, as well as the responsibility of the household.

The children were all in frail health for they are children of very frail parents. With this load upon her, Henrietta still applied herself to study, for she knew that as soon as she was able she must do her part towards the support of the family.

At the age of seventeen, she went to work for a very small wage, and at eighteen her father died, leaving her the sole means of support for the family. Courageously, she toiled day and night for the seven who were dependent upon her. Then the oldest of the little sisters died, and she, fearing the disease that had already carried away so many of her loved ones might in time take them all, began a persistent fight for their lives.

She obtained a position, at a modest salary, as a stenographer among people who were interested in her valiant struggle for the health and well-being of her family of little ones.

And then something happened; something very surprising, indeed. In that country where beauty among women has always been of supreme importance; where thousands of people have given themselves over to the manufacture of such articles as they believe make for and preserve feminine beauty; in that land where even children know the art of using cosmetics, and where a woman would as soon slip into the street with her bare feet as without her "make-up"; in that land where at the Mid-Lenten celebration the prettiest girl in France is selected as the queen of queens, a Paris newspaper, the *Echo de Paris*, offered a prize of 45,000 francs at par, an amount equalling $9,000, for the most deserving girl in France.

The newspapers of the metropolis circulate throughout the provinces so that the offices of the paper began to be flooded with stories of deserving girls from all parts of the country. From the many submitted, seven hundred and thirty-five were chosen. A

committee of eminent persons, headed by Gen. De Castlenau passed on the merits of each case.

And so it chanced that while Henrietta Saget was at work, a delegate from the Paris newspaper waited upon her, and told her that the prize money was all hers—that she had won the 45,000 francs and was adjudged the most deserving girl of her country.

A PIONEER MOTHER

She sat knitting lace. She was now eighty years of age. Her face was wreathed in smiles, for she was the mother of a son who had fulfilled her largest hopes.

"We were very poor," she said, "very poor, indeed. I had borne a number of children and the hardships of pioneer life seemed to be undermining my constitution. Somehow the feeling took hold of me that in giving birth to the little one that then nestled under my heart, my life would be required.

"I was reconciled to what to me was a certainty, but I prayed daily and almost hourly to the good Father that he would give me a child who would be a real benefactor to the world.

"When the hour came and I felt the agony of the first birth pangs I folded the bundle of clothes I had prepared for the little new-comer and placed them at the bottom of the bed where the good woman who was to care for me might find them when she came. Then I sank on my knees at the head of the bed and told the Lord that whatever was his will in the matter was also mine; yet I begged that the child for whom I then suffered should be known for good among his fellowmen.

"The next thing of which I have a very distinct recollection, at this moment, was the coming of the mid-wife to my bedside, and the placing of the child in my arms—a son. Then, for the first time, I realized that my life had not been required and as I looked upon his face he seemed to me the loveliest babe upon whom I had ever gazed.

"He grew up and was through his childhood what he has been through his manhood—a source of great comfort and joy to me.

"He early gave evidence of being a child of talent, and I had much anxiety lest he should lack the training that would make his talent useful, for we had no money. When a lad in his teens, two men, one living in our little village, and the other in Salt Lake City, recognized his gift and made up a small purse and sent him East.

"He struggled along, in very modest quarters, not infrequently living on one meal a day, but he managed somehow, and was successful in his work. Then a good woman who had been blessed

with money, but not with a talented son, recognized his gift and told him to go on with his work wherever he wished.

"He accepted her kindly offer, and she handed him a check book, saying: 'I shall not make for you any set allowance; take this book and write checks for anything you need for your study and development.'

"This," said the proud mother, "is the story of my son. People all over the United States and many who live in foreign lands know of his work."

A MODERN MOTHER

She used to sing in one of the ward choirs in Salt Lake City and teach a Sunday school class on Sunday. The girls in that class wished that they might be as beautiful as she when they grew up. They did not know how really beautiful she was, or might become—they only knew how beautiful she looked.

Then she married and moved from Salt Lake City and since that time has been living in several communities where the Saints reside.

She is the mother of four sons and four daughters, never having lost a child. Two of her sons are business men, one owning his own business, the other managing the business of a prominent firm here in the state. The other two sons are in college, one in the state of New York, and the other in the state of Indiana.

Three of the daughters are married; the only unmarried daughter is the youngest child. She is at home with her mother, helping in the household and devoting whatever spare time she has to music.

This family has never had a large income, indeed, the family income has been very modest, and yet they have enjoyed and are still enjoying some of the best things in life. The parents and children have all worked to a common end, and they have largely realized the end for which they have worked.

For thirty years the mother has taken into her home people in need of room and board, and she has been such an expert manager that she has had time to sew on the side. At present she has five persons in her home for whom she is supplying room and board and she is still making dresses.

Last October she attended the Relief Society conference and she was very likely at the April conference this year. She is not one of the women who regret that women have the franchise. Election day always finds her discharging her duty to her state and to her nation in accord with her best understanding of the questions at issue.

Though a grandmother with fifteen grandchildren, she is still

beautiful. When you ask her how she has been able to rear and educate eight children, keep up her home, care for roomers and boarders and sew as well, she has but one reply; it has been done through the mingling of faith and works and love, to which God has added his blessings.

And now, as you read these sketches, how many of you are saying, with Henry Turner Bailey, "Old memories come creeping back to me, I must have seen that face somewhere! I must have known that woman. Ah! that is the portrait," or in this instance, sketch, "of my Mother, too; God bless her."

To Father and Mother

Myron E. Crandall, Jr.

When heaven gave us father,
With his protecting care,
The world was made an Eden,
When we were young and fair;
And when it gave us mother,
With tenderness so dear,
There really was no other
Could make a heaven here:
Now they are gently going
Adown life's evening road,
May balmy winds keep blowing
To push along their load.

Her Daughter's Friend

Elsie Talmage Brandley

Mrs. Hale took the letters from the postman and hungrily ran her eyes over the postmark of each of the three envelopes he had given her. A disappointed note was in her voice as she went into the living-room where Judith, ensconced in the great arm chair by the window, was too deeply absorbed in a magazine to know that the mail had come, and complained, "It's a right-down shame for Jack to treat me so! Here it is a week after the wire which gave us the exhaustive information that a boy arrived today—all doing well, and he hasn't written a line to tell me how Ruth got along, or if the baby looks like a Hale or Ruth's family, or any of the other hundred and ten details that a grandmother-for-the-first-time yearns to know! All the man brought was an ad from some cold-cream company, a bill for your tonsillitis and a letter for you from California."

"Don't fret, Granny," the unperturbed daughter of seventeen advised her. "You'll likely be hearing all the news by tomorrow; that is, if you haven't grown desperate and started off in quest of it without waiting for the letter." She was slitting the top of her own envelope with a hairpin as she spoke and a quick exclamation of delight broke from her as she glanced at the signature and began to skim hurriedly down the first page.

"Oh, mother, just listen to this! It's from Marie Meridith and she is on her way back to Washington to school and is going to stop off and spend an afternoon and night with me. She will arrive on the nineteenth—let me see—today is—"

"Tomorrow is the nineteenth, Judith," her mother interrupted. "Is Marie the girl who was Norma Alden's bridesmaid last spring?"

"Yes, and you know I took such a fancy to her that I begged her to try to manage a little visit with me this fall—never dreaming that she would even remember me through the summer. Her father is fabulously wealthy and Marie frightfully popular, so we can feel it an honor to think she would even look at us!"

"I'm sure of it." Mrs. Hale's words were quietly spoken but there was a shadow of sarcasm in them.

"Oh, of course, that isn't all I like about her. She is refined and cultured and so—so—natural that she makes everyone feel comfortable. The day of Norma's wedding when we other bridesmaids went into her room in such modest little dresses she

looked at us and said, "Mercy, it would never do for me to walk by you girls, looking so horribly overdressed as I do. Here, relieve me of a few of these superfluous decorations, please;" and with that she placed a marvelous Spanish comb in my hair and made me wear her jade necklace which was exactly the color of my girdle. Then she handed Grace (she was the other bridesmaid, you know) her cameo set—a pin, bracelet, and little finger ring, and insisted that she wear them. Our borrowed finery absolutely made our costumes, and Marie made everyone feel that we were doing her a great favor by wearing them."

"Now, I like her better," Mrs. Hale smiled.

"She's adorable, mother! Most girls in a case of that sort would have said: 'You girls look so unadorned that I'll spare you a few trinkets to liven you up a bit.' You'll love her, I know you'll simply love her."

"I hope I shall, Judith, and I'm quite certain that she'll love us more if we do a little planning for her comfort, instead of sitting here extolling her virtues upon the eve of her arrival."

"A good idea! You're so nice and practical that you'll make a perfect grandmother without a bit of training! Shall we fix my room for Marie, or will you come in with me and let her have yours?"

"Just as you choose, dear, but first get a pencil and pad, and plan a meal or two. Perhaps we'll need to do a little purchasing before the stores close."

The Hales were excellent managers and the feminine portion of the family, splendid cooks, so in a very short time Mrs. Hale and Judith had planned a delicious supper for the following night and a breakfast calculated to delight the dainty soul of the guest who would be leaving very soon after the conclusion of the pleasant meal. The mother had directed Judith to hasten to town to buy a chicken and some walnuts.

"If we have some really good chicken salad, walnut roast, hot rolls and butter, with peaches and cake for dessert, your little friend should be able to make out a meal, I think. I'll put the chicken on early in the morning and it will be done in plenty of time to have the salad ready for a five o'clock supper."

Judith's interest veered to less important details. "I'm certainly grateful that both the boys are invited to Slim Daly's birthday celebration tomorrow. They won't be home until after our supper is all over, which pleasing state of affairs will add greatly to my peace of mind. And mother, I'll get some asters from Mrs. Alden, she told me to help myself any time I wanted some. And last but not least, may I get Miss Donelson to serve the table and wash the dishes afterward, I'd hate to have Marie see you in a gingham dress, flitting in and out of the kitchen, and equally

should I hate doing the darting around myself. If we use the best silver and plates she will never dream that we don't live in style all the time. Miss Donelson charges only a dollar or so for doing that, and I could easily save that on my new party dress by using narrower lace. Shall we do it, mother?"

Mrs. Hale paused a moment before replying.

"If you really think it would make Marie and you happier, I suppose we can manage, although I confess to decided reluctance when it comes to eating with my time honored black satin dress on in the middle of the week."

Judith, having gained her point, was generous.

"Mother, you should be having the new party dress, instead of me, and if it weren't for the prom, I'd give it up to you! I'll get home from school by half-past two tomorrow and can help a lot before Marie arrives. She says she expects to get here about five after four."

Next morning, Mrs. Hale put lunches up for the boys to take to school thus insuring for herself a long, quiet morning in which to complete the necessary preparations. Soon after eight o'clock the chicken was simmering, rice cooking for the walnut loaf and dough for the rolls rising slightly. Then a cake was mixed and baked and the house swept and dusted until it was spotless. After cleaning the celery and putting it into clear cold water, she frosted the cake, and decided before going any further to open a bottle of catsup to pour over the pan of beans left from yesterday and put them into the oven to bake while the fire was hot. This done Mrs. Hale indulged in the short, sweet luxury of a hot bath, and clean blue gingham housedress, and was astonished to find that the noon whistles were just blowing as she returned to the kitchen.

"I must have been rushing," she soliloquized. "Judith will never believe me when I tell her all the things I accomplished before twelve. Perhaps I'd better step around to Alden's myself for the flowers to save any last minute confusion."

A ring of the door-bell sent her hopes skyward. "The mail! Surely today there will be a letter from my boy, telling me all about his boy."

Opening the door eagerly with the happy expectant smile on her face, she was surprised to confront a slim, shy-eyed girl who instantly smiled back at her.

"Oh, I do hope you are as glad as you look to be! I was afraid it might throw you out, my coming a train ahead like this, but it was impossible to do otherwise."

Mrs. Hale held out two welcoming hands.

"You must be Marie! Indeed I am glad to have you come, although I fear Judith will be greatly disappointed to miss even an hour of your visit. Come in and rest for you must be weary!"

Mrs. Hale's motherly solicitude was convincing, and the premature guest followed her into the house giving brief explanations as she removed her wraps.

"The last minute I learned of some friends who were going East, but they had already made reservations for the morning train while I had planned to leave in the evening. Daddy dreaded my traveling alone, so by doing an incredible amount of packing in an unbelievably short time, we got me off with these friends of ours, but I'm still gasping from the haste of it all."

"I only hope," her hostess responded, "that you won't have to leave any earlier than the original plan. Judith would feel so cheated if you had to leave a morsel of the breakfast she has in mind for you."

Marie laughed.

"I shall feel cheated, too, but it must be. We are leaving at seven-ten tonight, and I had to use every argument I could think of to persuade my chaperones to wait that long. As to the breakfast—that saddens me still more, for I slept too late to eat on the train, and am literally famishing here on your hands."

By this time the two were seated before the cheery grate-fire chatting like old friends. Mrs. Hale felt her heart warming toward this aristocratic girl who was so sociable and unaffected. Impulsively she turned to Marie and smiled roguishly.

"I'll make a bargain with you. You shall have luncheon within ten minutes if you will keep it a secret. You see, my dear, Judith has set her heart upon flowers and things and I fear she will be made too utterly desolate if she knows that every single thing turned out contrary to her arrangements."

"It's a bargain, without a doubt! I'll meet Judith at the gate when she comes, and all will progress as she sees fit," said Marie, in such an earnest tone that the other jumped up quickly.

"You sound so fervent that I conclude you are willing to agree to anything which brings food."

In just nine minutes the table was ready, and together they sat down to the informal luncheon. There was chicken soup with rice in it, baked beans with quantities of good bread and butter, and for dessert, strawberry jam and milk. For an hour they ate and chatted, growing so friendly that each felt that she must have known the other for years instead of moments. Dozens of matters were discussed, from embroidery to eugenics, and thence to dancing, ending with dishwashing, for Marie insisted upon helping clear away. At two o'clock Mrs. Hale went to her room to don the official black satin.

Thus it was that when Judith bounded in, a little while later, her arms full of asters and cheeks rosy as the pinkest of the flow-

ers, she found an immaculate house with a properly dressed lady entertaining an obviously delighted guest.

Marie flew toward her as she gave her a quick kiss, and told her how it happened.

"So you see I got here a little before you did, but your charming mother has made me perfectly welcome and happy."

At five o'clock, after a joyous afternoon, Miss Donelson appeared at the door and announced that supper was ready. The dining room was like a garden, and the table set beautifully. Judith and Marie were in high spirits and ate heartily of the delicious food, served so well by the impromptu Miss Donelson. Judith mentally decided that her mother could be really impressive when she tried; also, she wondered if it wouldn't be possible to get a little more dignity into their every day meals.

It was such a short time then until the train was due that Judith did experience a sort of cheated feeling, but consoled herself with the reflection that, though short, the visit had been successful in every detail.

After Marie and Judith had put their wraps on to go to the train, the visitor turned to Mrs. Hale and with a tremor of sincerity in her voice said, "Mrs. Hale, you have been so sweet to me all day that I'll never forget you."

Then, seeing the puzzled expression on Judith's face, she clapped her hand over her mouth with a gesture of remorse, and turned a fearful glance in Mrs. Hale's direction. The woman laughed and said, "Now, it's time for the whole confession, Marie."

"We didn't tell you, Judith, that I came about noon, and spent the two hours before you came with your mother. We had a lovely luncheon together and you can never know how intensely I enjoyed talking across the table to her—in her clean, blue gingham housedress."

Marie's eyes filled with tears and she had to stop a moment to master the sob in her throat before she finished.

"It is a very short time since Daddy made his money and just before that my mother died; so I have no memories of her connected with our present home. We lived for years on a farm, and every picture of her is one of cheerful service given—in a gingham housedress, clean as a pin. So I've loved today because it has seemed almost as if I have been with my own mother, and oh, Judith, I do need her so!"

Then Marie was gone, but she left the fragrant memory of her sweet graciousness, for that could never go.

Aunt Sally's Criticism of Mothers' Day

Joseph H. Dean

"Yes, mothers' day was very grand,
But yet I just can't understand
Why all these honors for the Mas,
And not a word about the Pas.
And didn't that first great command
To multiply include the man?
Land sakes! a great old job 'twould be
If left alone to you and me.
And as 'twas true when time began,
It takes the two to make a man.

I've lived with Dan for fifty years;
He's shared with me our smiles and tears,
Our boys and girls have numbered seven,
And 'twa'n't our fault there wa'n't eleven.
And when the babies reached our home
I didn't suffer all alone,
I'm sure you'd say that I am right,
If you had seen his face so white.
I'm sure I felt as bad for Dan
As for myself, though he's a man.
So when I'm picked out all alone,
As if the credit's all my own,
It makes me sore, and that's the truth,
For we've been one right from our youth.
Why push me forward all the time,
And leave my old man back behind?
Why, our old team, old Pete and Maud,
Won't stand for any such a fraud.
If Maud is ever left behind.
She acts as though she'd lose her mind.
And won't eat either oats or hay,
(She takes no stock in mothers' day)
That's what I call right good horse sense,
For horses have no false pretense.

Why can't we have a parents' day?
That seems to me the better way.
Pin a carnation on my dress,
And then pin one upon his breast.
And let us sit there side by side,
For though we're old, I'm still his bride.
And now, as I have had my say,
With these remarks I'll just give way.

Love's Alchemy

Coral J. Black

A slim, brown hand cautiously parted the net-work of vines, which served as a screen for her neighbor's veranda, and for a long moment two blue eyes, brimming with curiosity and excitement, peered through. There was nothing in sight within the cool, shaded expanse except a comfortable, little sewing chair and a quaint work basket filled to overflowing with fine, white goods. But wait, the woman sighed softly, she had guessed it before; now she was certain, for one tiny sleeve hung coaxingly over the edge of the wicker basket.

As the side door, at the far end of the veranda, swung open she quickly withdrew, but not swiftly or silently enough to prevent a startled gasp from the pretty little brown-eyed matron, her neighbor, which told her that her questionable act had been detected.

With trembling haste, Mrs. Lawlor sought the shelter of her own abode, where she gave full vent to the shame and dismay which swept over her.

"Why, oh, why, did I ever do such a thing?" she questioned herself over and over, "what explanation or apology can I possibly offer?"

As she went mechanically about the preparation of luncheon, she became more calm and decided that the only possible course open to her was to go to Mrs. Cresswell, make a full confession, and ask pardon for prying.

Mrs. Cresswell, the neighbor, was laboring under similar emotions, as she, too, nervously prepared the noonday meal. Surprise, anger and indignation quickly succeeded one another as she mentally recalled the pale face and bright eyes, looking through the parted vines, into her private and sacred domain.

The two homes were built, as so many city homes are, so closely together that it seemed almost a waste of building material to have separated them at all. The few inches of soil between them had been utilized by the Cresswells and a luxuriant growth of vines made an artistic screen and gave to the veranda's spacious depth, a privacy otherwise impossible.

Mrs. Cresswell had tried, vainly, to make friends with her new neighbor Mrs. Lawlor. Her advances had always been met with perfect civility, and still she had known they were not exactly wel-

comed. Wearied at length, she had contented herself wiht a pleasant greeting, nothing more.

Mrs. Lawlor had been very nice to Mrs. Cresswell's two small children, frequently calling them to the low-trimmed hedge, to chat pleasantly with them for a few moments, or make them gifts of toys or sweets. And still she had not once asked them to come farther than their own side of the dividing hedge. These peculiar little utterances had been noted by Mrs. Cresswell at the time, but she had placed no particular stress upon them. Today, however, they recurred to her with startling significance, and left her puzzled, indeed.

When she had unburdened herself of the strange occurrence to her husband, tall, blond and magnanimous, he patted her hand reassuringly and advised, "Don't judge too hastily, Margie, for we never know another's motives or temptations. If there is any plausible excuse for what she did be sure she will make it known. If not, well, there is no particular harm done, and you can be on your guard in the future."

"I know you are right about that, Will, and I am glad I refrained from uttering the words that burned on my lips, when I saw her looking so intently at my work."

Her husband's arms went around her and his lips pressed her smooth, white forehead.

"I am glad, too, Margie, very glad. Do you know, dear," he continued drawing his wife down beside him on the couch, "I have had a feeling for a long time that our little neighbor is not happy? I never before saw such a hurt look in human eyes. I have tried to fathom it but have not been able to satisfy myself. Lawlor is a successful business man, clean-cut and fine, and he seems devoted to his wife. Have you ever noticed it?"

"Yes, I have," admitted his wife, "and the thought has come to me a number of times, that she must have experienced a great loss or a deep tragedy at some time in her life. As you say her husband seems devoted. I'll take your advice, Will, and just ignore today's little incident. Perhaps time will tell me why she did so strange a thing."

The warm summer afternoon hung dreamily over the earth. Nature was taking her siesta, but Mrs. Cresswell stitched busily on the wee garment so lately the object of her neighbor's comprehending gaze. Her thoughts kept pace with the shining needle as it flew swiftly in and out among the snowy folds of cloth.

She could but wonder why Mrs. Lawlor had been guilty of such a breach of good breeding. Could she explain it, would she? What circumstance could possibly justify her action? Why had she so persistently refused the friendship offered her only to take by stealth that which had been withheld?

Her musings were interrupted by the opening and closing of her neighbor's street door, and a flush of indignation and resentment dyed her cheeks as she noted the trim form pass down the rose-bordered walk and a moment later turn in at her own gate. The words of her husband recurred to her with quiet insistence, "Do not judge too hastily, Margie, perhaps she will explain." She hastily shook the tiny garment into a non-committal heap in her lap and forced a pleasant expression. How glad she was, when a moment later their eyes met and she noticed the chagrin and embarrassment on the other woman's countenance.

Mrs. Lawlor began painfully, "I—I, well, it seemed that I," but words failed her. Mrs. Cresswell rose and laid her hand gently on the other's arm, "Come into the shade, dear child, don't be distressed. Sit here until you are calmer and then tell me what you wish."

"Oh, I couldn't sit down until I've offered what explanation I can," she faltered, "not until I know I'm forgiven for prying." Then, after a few moments of embarrassed silence, she added, in a voice scarcely more than a whisper, "It was my great love for babies made me do it. You see I've always wanted to make little clothes for a wee baby, but have been denied the privilege. I knew—that is, I surmised you were sewing, and I—I just wanted to see them, the little clothes, you know."

She stopped with a half sob, and all the sympathy a mother feels for a childless woman, welled up in Mrs. Cresswell's heart. Both arms went impulsively about the girlish form.

"My dear girl, why didn't you come over and ask to see them?" queried the older woman, her eyes bright with love and understanding.

"Well, you see, I disliked to come over when I could not ask you to return the call, and I—that is my husband—oh, Mrs. Cresswell, will you understand when I tell you that my husband despises children and cannot endure them around? How could I explain to you or ask you to leave your tots at home,"

Mrs. Cresswell looked both shocked and relieved. So this was the explanation; Mr. Lawlor disliked children to such a degree that neighbors, who had little folks to accompany them, were unwelcome in his home. How glad she was that the little woman had cleared herself, and she felt a strange bond of sympathy and understanding tighten between them at this confession.

"Never mind, dear, he will feel differently if he is ever blessed with a child of his own."

But Mrs. Lawlor shook her head despairingly, "He will not even consider such a possibility. I will never have that greatest of all gifts, and I do love little children so much. I pine for my own little brothers and sisters, but he will not endure them on the

place. It is the reason we came here, to be away from my folks."

Her tears flowed afresh and Mrs. Cresswell strove to comfort her.

"But, my dear woman, you have rights in this matter. 'Tis not for him to say whether you shall or shall not wear the glory of motherhood. You must assert yourself, you have the strength of character to issue an ultimatum to him."

"I have thought of that many times," sadly agreed Mrs. Lawlor, "but the fear of estranging him has checked me. I do love my husband devotedly, Mrs. Cresswell, and still had I known this side of his nature I would never have married him, *never!* There was a time," she continued hurriedly, "when the name of 'wife' seemed to encompass all that was desirable in life, but now I know there is a dearer term and that is 'mother.' "

"Dear heart," comforted the older woman, "these matters are all in His hands and we know 'He doeth all things well.' I feel impressed that the desires of your heart will be gratified some day. Come now and see the little wardrobe."

For an hour or more the two women bent above the lace-trimmed bassinet and talked of—of, well, you mothers all know of what they talked—and when the girl-wife departed she carried with her a generous square of French flannel, a spool of white embroidery silk and an unusual sparkle in her blue eyes. What joy, this surreptitious service for the new baby, gave to her clamoring heart.

The friendship between the two women grew and flourished. To Mrs. Cresswell it was a source of constant revelation and delight. Another flower in her Love Garden, something for her to prize and cherish. To Mrs. Lawlor, it was a life-saving oasis in the desert of repressed motherhood.

At last came a day when Mrs Lawlor bent above the tiny bassinet and poured out the pent up love of her heart into the pink ears of her friend's little daughter. When, at last, she felt compelled to cover the wee thing and take her departure, she bent for a moment above her friend and whispered to her. Mrs. Cresswell reached out and pressed her hand affectionately, "You remember, I told you 'He doeth all things well'; be content now in this supreme happiness, and rest assured that all else will be well also."

The months sped swiftly by. Mrs. Cresswell smiled to herself many times each day as she listened to her young neighbor caroling like a bird, as if she had not a care in the world. How often her thoughts reverted to that morning, so long ago, when Mrs. Lawlor had *spied* upon her, as she had termed it at that time. How thankful she was that her husband's big, generous nature had prevented her making some awful blunder toward the

little girl-woman next door. Many times she thanked God devoutly that he had brought them together.

Many hours the friends spent sewing, embroidering and planning for the coming spring. There was only one cloud to mar the beautiful prospect, only one, yet at times it seemed to shut out the sunlight entirely and to envelop the little mother-to-be like a shroud. Her husband's tenderness and devotion to her could not bear the slightest reference to coming events.

One afternoon in early autumn, Mrs. Cresswell had occasion to visit the Lawlor jewelry store. Mr. Lawlor himself came forward to greet her and after she had explained her errand they chatted on various subjects for several moments. Mrs. Cresswell glanced at the big clock and turned hurriedly to the door, "My goodness, my baby! I must hurry, I had no idea it was so late as that!"

"It is really surprising," said Mr. Lawlor, while an ugly smile hovered about his lips, "how foolish, even ridiculous, sensible women can be over babies. Let them cry, I say, the more the better; it's good for them."

Mrs. Cresswell turned toward him, tears in her eyes, tenderness and pleading in her voice, "You little know the love and anxiety that fill the heart, Mr. Lawlor, when it is one's own child."

There was no mistaking her inference, and the man flushed with anger, then paled to a pasty white, as he replied in a low, tense voice, "No, Mrs. Cresswell, I do not, and I hope to God I never will!"

For a moment the woman stood as if bereft of power to move or speak, as the terrible, blasphemous wish forced itself into her consciousness. Then she turned without a word and left the store.

How she reached home or how she passed the hours until her husband returned from his office, she hardly knew; but when he came and she had sobbed out her horror and indignation, on his calm and understanding bosom, she felt vastly better.

Their sympathy for their young neighbor grew ten-fold after this encounter with her husband; and they exerted themselves in an effort to throw every possible ray of happiness or sunshine across her path.

When at last the critical hour was past, and the little mother, pale, but radiantly happy, looked into Mrs. Cresswell's eyes, she murmured, "I can't tell how Bert feels, he seems so queer; but no matter, nothing he can say or do can rob me of this supreme happiness. Even though I should lose my babe in death, I have had him, I am a *mother*, he is mine—all mine!"

She turned her eyes, swimming with love's holy light, upon the wee little creature sleeping so contentedly beside her.

The months flew by, summer slipped past and chill November,

accompanied by heavy rains, snow, and sharp stinging cold, swept over the valley. Sickness in divers forms, crept into the community, visiting every family.

On a night, dark and bitterly cold, the Cresswells were awakened by a thundrous knocking on their door. Mr. Cresswell hastened to the front entrance in answer to the startling summons, and there he encountered a strange sight. His fastidious neighbor, Bert Lawlor, stood shivering in his bathrobe, drenched with rain, hatless, coatless, his bare feet thrust hastily into a pair of carpet slippers. At sight of Mr. Cresswell, he began hurriedly, "It's your wife I want, Cresswell, not you." Then his voice raised to shrill staccato, as he noted Mrs. Cresswell peering over the bannister. "Oh, hurry, Mrs. Creswell, in heaven's name, hurry, our baby is dying with the croup!"

Upon receiving an assurance that she would follow at once, he started home through the rain and sleet on a run, a ludicrous sight in spite of the gravity of the situation.

Mrs. Cresswell hurried over and after applying a few simple remedies, had the baby sleeping peacefully again. It had not been a dangerous form of croup. Then she could not forbear the tender thrust, she turned to where the father stood, pale and anxious, "Why, Mr. Lawlor, I'm surprised at you, I thought you didn't care for this baby."

"Mrs. Cresswell," the man replied soberly, "I thought so, too, before he came, but something within my being seemed to change that night. I had a feeling that—that—maybe you will think I'm foolish when I tell you—it was as if his tiny hand had hold of my heart and gently pressed it each time I looked at him. It's been growing all the time—that feeling, until now he has become so much a part of me that I believe I would die if he should. I have thought of what I said to you, that day in the store, a thousand times and how I have prayed for forgiveness, only God knows. I have always been sure he would punish me and I thought tonight the time had come. If God will forgive me that speech, we'll have a dozen and every one of them will be welcome, too, won't they, baby child?" and he gave his astonished wife a loving pinch on the cheek.

Then he bent anxiously above the crib to make sure the breathing of the precious tot within was easy and regular.

Of Interest to Women

Lalene H. Hart

FORETHOUGHT IN THE CARE OF CLOTHING

There are three general ways in which the life of clothing and fabrics may be lengthened: (1) wise selection; (2) careful use; (3) renovation and repair. A few suggestions on the last may be helpful at this season when the heavier materials are to be laid aside and gayer colors used.

Although a knowledge of the chemistry of colors and of fabrics is helpful, it is not necessary. There are a few general rules which will satisfactorily take care of anything except very rare cases. Any colored fabric should have the color set before washing. For all general purposes salt and vinegar gives good results. Allow one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water, dissolve and soak material in the solution at least one hour, rinse thoroughly to remove all salt. Vinegar is generally better for dark material; allow one-fourth cup of vinegar to one quart of water. Sugar of lead is best for delicate colors such as green, blue, tan, or yellow; use one teaspoon to one quart of water.

All spots and stains may be removed more easily from washable material before laundering. A good general rule for stains of unknown origin is to rub lightly with a pad dipped in a very weak lukewarm soap solution to which has been added one teaspoon ammonia to one quart of water. Never use a strong soap on any fabric or rub it directly upon the spot. Sponge delicate materials that ordinary washing may injure. Place a pad or blotting paper under the article to take up the surplus moisture. Ammonia in the water used for sponging helps to brighten the colors.

Cornmeal and gasoline made into a paste makes a good cleanser for various kinds of material. It is not as apt to leave a ring around the spot cleaned as does gasoline alone.

Benzine mixed with cornstarch is a good cleanser for white kid gloves and white shoes. Be careful in the use of benzine near a fire.

The odor of gasoline from small, cleaned articles, such as gloves, or anything that receives warmth from the body, can be removed by being aired thoroughly, then placing them upon a paper in a warm oven and allowing them to remain some time. (Oven must not be hot.

A dry sponge is good to remove lint from clothing, especially the smoother kind, such as broadcloth.

Hair ribbons may be easily cleaned by shaking a few minutes in a solution of one teaspoon of baking soda to one quart of hot water. They should be rinsed in warm water, dryed between towels and pressed while damp. When washed in this way they are less apt to fade.

Fabrics of all kinds should be thoroughly shaken, brushed and cleaned before storing. Woolens and furs or any material upon which moths feed, should have special attention. They should be allowed to hang in the air and sunshine several days to make sure all the dust and eggs are removed. Press well, as the heat kills the hidden moths or eggs, and wrap carefully. Cedar chests, moth balls, tar bags and other repellants may prevent the miller from getting into the clothes, but will not prevent the eggs from hatching. Newspapers made into bags are very good if they are carefully sealed; the moth does not like printers' ink. Camphor, whole cloves, or small bags of ground spices are good placed between the articles when packed in a box or a chest. Cold does not kill moths but they are inactive in a temperature below 50° Fah. Spots and stains should always be removed from clothing before storing as such places are more readily attacked by moths.

Three things must be considered in removing stains; freshness of stain, nature of spot, and nature of fabric. A fresh stain is much easier to remove than an old one. A reagent will remove one kind of stain while it will set another. Some kinds of reagents will remove spots successfully from cotton or linen but will injure wool or silk.

There are four general methods used in removing stains: (1) to launder the whole fabric if convenient; (2) sponging in clear, warm water or water to which ammonia has been added; (3) to use absorbent such as a paste of whiting or French chalk and alcohol, or cornmeal; (4) chemicals, as javelle water, oxalic acid, or potassium permanganate.

Reagents that decolorize are chemicals, lemon juice, and alcohol, but they may be used successfully by neutralizing with ammonia or hydrogen peroxide. Oxalic acid in full strength destroys the fiber of the material; use one part acid to two parts boiling water, then neutralize with hydrogen peroxide. Use a medicine dropper or a glass rod to apply these reagents.

SOME COMMON STAINS AND THEIR REMEDIES

Ink: On a carpet (a) absorb with a blotter, soft rag; (b) try salt, brush off and renew until removed. On dress fabrics (a) soak in new milk; (b) salt and lemon juice; (c) sweet milk; let stand till sour, rinse in tepid water and wash in suds; old or difficult stains, use oxalic acid.

Grease: (a) warm water and soap for washable material; (b)

place a blotting paper on each side of the spot and apply a warm iron, or use other absorbents, as powdered magnesia, white talcum powder, cornmeal or salt; (c) a solvent, as gasoline, chloroform or naptha; (d) gasoline with French chalk or magnesia in the form of a paste, work from outside of the spot toward the center.

Iron rust: (a) equal parts of cream of tartar and table salt, wet the stain and place mixture on thickly and put in sun; (b) wet spot with lemon juice and hold over spout of teakettle; (c) peel a few stalks of rhubarb and boil in enough water to cover, soak the stain fifteen or twenty minutes and wash as usual, rinse thoroughly.

Mildew: (a) lemon juice and salt, put in sunshine; (b) solution of chloride of lime, one teaspoon of lime to one quart of water; (c) a paste of salt, soap, lemon juice and starch; allow it to remain 24 hours.

Tar: (a) soft grease or butter, remove with gasoline or hot suds; (b equal parts of ammonia and turpentine, wash in soap suds.

Fruit: (a) place the spot over a bowl or pan and pour boiling water through; (b) use salt and boiling water; (c) lemon juice and sunlight; (d) obstinate stains by oxalic acid. Peach stains are more difficult. Spread glycerine on spot and allow it to dry before trying other methods.

Chocolate and cocoa: (a) for delicate fabrics sponge in lukewarm water; (b) soft water and neutral soap; (c) for washable material, borax and cold water, then rinse thoroughly with boiling water.

Blood: (a) soak in tepid water, wash in warm suds; (b) soak in lukewarm solution of washing powder or lye; this cannot be used on colored goods; (c) hydrogen peroxide; (d) for heavy material use moistened starch, let stay until dry, brush off and repeat until stain is removed.

Grass stains: (a) rub lard on spot, wash in soap and water; (b) dip in clear ammonia, rinse well in water; (c) wet with kerosene and wash with water as usual; (d) use wood alcohol.

Paint: (a) equal amounts of household ammonia and turpentine, saturate the spot three or four times, wash in soapy water, rinse well in clear water; (b) washing soda, three table spoons to each gallon of water, boil the stains in this solution.

Since flour and sugar sacks have grown to be so popular for various purposes, each one should be utilized. The coloring and lettering on them are sometimes difficult to remove, but will usually yield by rubbing the spots thoroughly with lard and allowing to stand a week or more before washing and boiling. The more obstinate colors may be treated with oxalic acid or potassium permanganate and neutralized with hydrogen peroxide or ammonia.

Presidents' Day

In view of the present interest in leadership, nothing could be more appropriate than a Presidents' Day. The plan as conceived by the General Board had a two-fold object; first, that of honoring the leaders of the Relief Society, past and present; and second, that of observing in fitting manner the eighty-first anniversary of the organization of the Association.

The committee, consisting of Annie Wells Cannon, Jeannette A. Hyde, and Cora L. Bennion, is to be congratulated on the very carefully planned program, and the manner in which the details were carried out.

The entertainment was held Wednesday afternoon, March 21, in the Assembly Room of the Bishop's building. The special guests of the occasion were all former members of the General Board of the Relief Society, the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A., the General Board of the Primary, and the Relief Society presidents of stake and ward associations in Salt Lake county.

The program was introduced with a prologue, presented by Rosannah C. Irvine. The addresses and musical numbers were accompanied by stereopticon views.

A portrait of the Prophet Joseph Smith was thrown on the screen, during which time the choir and congregation, led by Lizzie Thomas Edward, sang, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah." The opening prayer was offered by Zina Y. Card.

Sketches of the six General Presidents were then presented.

Ethel R. Smith presented the first sketch—Emma Hale Smith. During her presentation, a photograph of Emma Smith, the first president of the Relief Society, the Masonic Temple at Nauvoo, where the first Relief Society was organized, the names of the eighteen charter members of the organization, and the city of Nauvoo, were thrown upon the screen.

The second address, having for its theme Eliza R. Snow, was made by Amy W. Evans. During the time that the portrait of Eliza R. Snow was upon the screen, Lizzie Thomas Edward sang, "O my Father." Other pictures viewed while the sketch of Sister Snow was being read were, "Crossing the Plains," "Buffalos on the Plains," and "Council Bluffs Ferry."

The sketch of the third president, Zina D. H. Young,

was given by Julia A. Child. During the reading of her paper, pioneer midwives, pioneer physicians, the old Deseret Hospital, silk curtains exhibited at the St. Louis exposition in 1904, and Zina D. H. Young, were the pictures featured.

Barbara H. Richards presented the fourth president, Bathsheba W. Smith. The Bishop's building, the interior of the General Board room of the Relief Society, the home and portrait of Bathsheba W. Smith, were the views seen during the reading of the paper.

Julia A. F. Lund had as her theme, Emmeline B. Wells, the fifth president. The pictures seen during Mrs. Lund's address were, the Relief Society gathering wheat, a Relief Society wheat field, a copy of the last *Exponent*, a copy of the first *Relief Society Magazine*, Mt. Timpanogos, Emmeline B. Wells' old home, and Emmeline B. Wells' portrait. During the time Mrs. Wells' photograph rested on the screen, the congregation sang, "Our mountain home so dear."

A toast to Clarissa S. Williams, the present and sixth president of the Relief Society, was given by Counselor Jennie B. Knight. During the time of her greeting to President Williams, a portrait of the five presidents and the Historian's Office, which was the birthplace of Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Williams' photograph, were thrown upon the screen. Mrs. Williams responded to Mrs. Knight's toast.

The program was characterized throughout by the uniform excellence of its numbers. After the concluding musical number, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation," the benediction was offered by Louie B. Felt.

"Aunt Em's" Birthday

The Utah Woman's Press Club entertained on February 28, in honor of the birthday anniversary of the founder of the club, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. A tender and appropriate program was given by members of the club, featuring different phases of Mrs. Wells' life work, together with choice musical numbers and readings from Aunt Em's poems. Mrs. Ruth May Fox and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon read original poems in connection with their tributes.

About seventy ladies were present, including, besides members of the club, close associates and friends of Mrs. Wells and members of her family. The hostess, Dr. Skolfield, in her remarks, stated that it was the purpose of the club in the near future to publish a booklet, or brochure, containing the history of the Woman's Press Club, and a biographical sketch

of the life of its founder, Aunt Emmeline B. Wells, also a roll of all the members, many of whom have published books, become newspaper correspondents, or magazine contributors. Most of the literary work of the members has been local, but there are some who have attained national reputation as writers. Not a few of these received their first incentive for literary work through membership in the Woman's Press Club.

The rooms were decorated with roses and spring flowers and delicious refreshments were served.

The occasion recalled many beautiful memories of the dainty little lady they all so loved and honored, and brought forth tributes of praise and appreciation of her wonderful life.

Optimism

It's a pretty good world after all,
And we ought to be glad we are here;
We may trip, we may stumble, and fall,
But there's always a message of cheer.
There's always a light in the gloom
If we look for the light, as we should,
And the flowers are always in bloom,
You could see them right now, if you would.

There's always a comforting thought,
Though the day, or the night, may be drear,
If you look for the best, as you ought,
You'll find something good, never fear.
Make the most of the good in your way,
And your troubles will soon appear small,
Then you'll feel, and you'll think, and you'll say:
"It's a pretty good world, after all!"

—Selected.

What is a Vitamine?

Fred W. Merrill

There are many people who would like to know. What is it? Where does it come from? What does it do? Can it be manufactured?

All these and a number of other queries are being worked on by the best scientific brains of this and other countries. That it is necessary for human beings has been well established. That it is found in certain foods has also been agreed. That its absence leads to the development of scurvy, rickets, beriberi, blindness and paralysis is also recognized. But there are a number of things yet to be learned, about which there is variance of opinion.

There are four vitamines. They are designated as Fat Soluble "A," Water Soluble "B," and Water Soluble "C," and anti-Rachitic Fat Soluble "A" occurs most largely in milk, butter, egg yolk, cod-liver oil, liver and kidney fat, spinach, young carrots, sweet potatoes, yellow corn and some other foods. Scientific men are searching through the foods used by man to locate all the sources of this vital element. Milk and butter are regarded as the most important source. Just how much there is in a quart of milk or a pound of butter is uncertain. It is now generally believed that the amount of Fat Soluble "A" is dependent upon the feed of the cow, and further upon the manner in which the butter is handled in the process of manufacture. This leads us to recognize that there is a difference in milk not heretofore taken into account.

Whale oil is fairly well supplied with Vitamine "A," though not so much so as is butter, but who wants to eat whale oil? Pig's liver oil and liver and kidney tissue, and probably other glandular organs furnish a fair amount. Most people, however, confine their eating of pork to the muscles of the pig and not to the glandular organs, so that although these organs may be well supplied with vitamine they do not contribute much to the food of the average family.

Dried spinach, alfalfa, clover, timothy and tomatoes promote growth of rats just as satisfactorily as a small quantity of butter-fat. We eat both spinach and tomatoes but do we eat enough of these to get as much Vitamine "A" as our bodies require? The cow eats alfalfa, clover, timothy and corn and she is a heavy eater, hence she gets a large amount, much of which goes to the milk which she manufactures for our use. Cabbage and potatoes also contain small quantities. Carrots and sweet potatoes and yellow

corn contain amounts sufficient to maintain satisfactory growth in rats and guinea pigs.

But here is the point. We don't eat carrots, sweet potatoes and yellow corn every day, and we must get vitamines every day, which leads us to conclude that our best and most reliable source of supply is in the milk, butter, cheese and ice cream which are generally available every day of the year at prices within the reach of every one.

Water Soluble Vitamine "B" is most abundant in the germ or embryo of grain and seeds. It seems to be associated more with the husks and germs, which are usually extracted and fed to live stock and hence our ordinary white flour, corn meal and rice have had this element removed in the process of refinement.

Water Soluble "C" is found mostly in fresh fruits and vegetables, particularly cabbage and orange juice. It is found in orange juice in most available form. Milk is not known to be an abundant source of this element, and if babies are confined to an exclusive milk diet, especially milk that has been kept or heated, scurvy occasionally develops. This is the reason why orange juice is so universally recommended by doctors and nurses as a food suitable for young infants, to supplement their milk diet.

Items About Women

A separate college for women students at the University of Pennsylvania is to be erected shortly.

There are thirty girls now attending Pennsylvania State College, who are "working their way through."

The Federation of campus Women of the University of Chicago recently fixed a $30 limit on the cost of college clothes. Russian boots and galoshes are tabooed.—*New York Sun.*

From newsgirl, salesgirl, factory worker and stenographer, Mrs. Mary Ranty Schwab has risen to assistant city attorneyship in San Francisco, being the first woman to receive such an honor in that state.

Martha Hale, a freshman at the University of California, has no arms, but with her feet does practically everything that a physically normal girl of 20 does with her hands, including cooking, writing, sewing, and dressing herself.

He Meant What He Said

Dr. Thomas L. Martin, Brigham Young University

One sometimes hears unfavorable comments concerning the statements made by the prophet Joseph Smith, a record of which is found in the Pearl of Great Price, where he tells of his experience in the woods when the Father and the Son appeared to him. In chapter 2, verse 19 of the *Writings of Joseph Smith,* we read: "I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the Personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; and 'they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.' " The particular part objected to is, "All their creeds are an abomination in his sight." It is the desire of those who criticize to be broad-minded and sympathetic. "Just think of the amount of good done by the churches of today," say some, "and yet Joseph Smith made such a remark. No wonder he brought persecution upon himself by such comments; he was surely unjust."

When we hear such comments we should remember that church doctrines as they are taught today are being considered, and judgment is made upon the Prophet Joseph for what he said almost one hundred years ago. The judgment is not fair. Let us consider what was taught in the days of Joseph Smith and then apply these criticisms and see if we think such was very far from the truth.

The ministers in that day taught that there was a hard and fast line between the saved and the damned. If a man rendered a great amount of service in this life, and was a very faithful church member, he would be transported to the place called heaven, when he died. Another man, his neighbor, not quite as faithful to his fellow men but belonging to the same church and paying the same dues, although not quite so good in life as his neighbor, would reach heaven as easily and receive the same reward as the more perfect man. There was no gradation in heaven. All men who were successful in passing the minimum requirements as interpreted by the priests would enjoy the same blessings. The work of these men upon reaching heaven was probably to gaze for millions of years upon the face of God, or play upon a golden harp, or sprout wings and flit here and there seeking heavenly bliss. Suppose now, the man was unfortunate enough

to find his good deeds just too few to balance his foul deeds, he would be carried to hell after he died, there to mingle with hundreds of others who had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. Hell was a place where all who failed to pass heaven's requirements would go. It was understood that if one were unfortunate enough to go to hell he would burn in misery forever and ever. Imps, well supplied with pitchforks, would see that they sizzled evenly in the lake of fire and brimstone, turning those condemned over often that they would roast evenly. It meant an everlasting trip to this place if a man did not belong to the right church, and failed to do what the priests said he must do! God was a terrible being and if man did not obey he would eternally suffer the highest type of misery it was possible for man to conceive.

It was decreed by these ministers that if parents were so faithless as to neglect to have their babies baptized, and unfortunately these babes should die, that no power on earth, heaven, or hell could save them. They must go to the lake of fire and brimstone, there to burn forever. If the parents should, at a later date, become faithful church members, they would, after death, go to the bosom of Abraham and there look upon the sufferings of the damned in hell, including their own unbaptized infants, and experience thrills of joy. On the porticos of many of the churches in England will be found engraved thereon images of children, infants who died without baptism. They are pictured as being placed in piles while Satan with hoof and tail arrayed, is busily engaged throwing these babies into boiling caldrons in hell where they may suffer the misery of the damned. Think of such pictures! How can they develop anything but a fear of God! These things were contrary to the ethical laws of man. No wonder thinking men were ready to revolt at such doctrines.

This doctrine of hell, as taught by the ministers in the days of Joseph Smith, was a vital part of their creed. Compare it with the doctrine taught by Joseph Smith in the Doctrine and Covenants Section 19, verses 2 to 12, and Section 76. A fair comparison makes the doctrine of hell as taught by the ministers of that day seem revolting. It was an abomination of the worst kind, and when Joseph Smith said, "Their creeds are an abomination in his sight," he was right. One's heart must surely grieve when one thinks of the religious doctrines that were taught to our grandparents and great grandparents. How their sensitive hearts must have been touched as the ministers in those days taught such distasteful ideas! How they must have suffered as they tried to harmonize such teachings with a just God! When Joseph Smith taught them that God had said his punishment was eternal because he himself was eternal; that there would be an end to punishment after every farthing had been paid; that there were three

glories in heaven with different degrees in each glory; that we would be rewarded for the things we did; that we get out of life what we put into it; that what we are here is determined largely by the way we lived in our pre-existent state; and that what we will become in the future depends upon how we live here; when he taught all these things how wholesome and true it must have appeared to our foreparents!

The ideas as taught by the ministers in the days of Joseph Smith were an abomination to all thinking men and women on earth; surely it was an abomination to God! It was replaced by the doctrine based upon a square deal to men, and all men who believe in such ideas are influenced in their lives to such an extent that their conduct in life is greatly enhanced.

History of Lights

Here are some interesting facts in regard to the progress of lighting. The earliest form of lighting was a wood fire in a cave.

5000 B. C.—Torches or lighted splinters placed in holders of stone or clay.

300 B. C.—Lamps, made of brass or bronze, became highly artistic.

50 B. C.—Romans used rushes soaked in grease—forerunners of the candle.

300 A. D.—Phoenicians introduced candles in Constantinople.

400 to 1700—A. D.—The candle, tallow or wax, vies with lamps and lanterns.

1700—Oil lamps, with wicks, began to be used.

1780—Oil lamps are equipped with round wicks and glass chimney.

1800—Gas lighting perfected, but candle still most universal light.

1850—Discovery of petroleum, revolutionizing oil lamp lighting.

1879—Edison, apostle of light, produces incandescent electric lamp.

1885—Auer Von Welbasch produces incandescent gas mantle.

1895—Incandescent electric lights made with carbon filament, in growing use.

1922—Incandescent electric light, using Tungsten filament, in high state of perfection.

What will be the next?—*Journal of Education.*

In Memoriam

LYDIA D. ALDER

Mrs. Lydia D. Alder, who passed from this life March 1, 1923, was a Relief Society worker for a long period of time. For seventeen years she was the secretary of the Seventeenth ward Relief Society, and during the lifetime of the old Salt Lake stake she was a member of the stake board. She assisted Zina D. H. Young during her term of office, traveling throughout the various stakes of Zion for the purpose of promoting the work of the Relief Society.

Mrs. Alder was a frequent contributor to the *Woman's Exponent*. An examination of the files of that publication will disclose the fact that she was one of the constant writers for its columns. She visited Europe and Palestine in 1904. On her return she wrote a book called *The Holy Land*. Her son, George D. Alder, favored the *Magazine* with the following account of his mother's life and activities:

"There are so many intimate occurrences in the life time of parents and children that it is hard to select any that are not correlated with the others, but my first recollection of my mother was her devotion to her religion. Upon many occasions, from the time I was six years old, I trudged along with her, with a firm grip on her skirts, to meetings of the Relief Society that were held in an upstairs hall opposite south from the oldest and first University building on Second West and First North streets. Vividly do I recall the songs they sang, the prayers that were offered, and the work they did, and though I tried hard to keep still and listen, the seat got very hard and it is likely they all wished me somewhere else.

"She was devoted to her faith and her God and upon one occasion one of her babies developed pneumonia, and it appeared as if the hand of death had been laid upon him, but her faith was not shaken and she sent for Brother John Henry Smith, who was then bishop of the Seventeenth ward, and under his administrations the child was raised again to health.

"She knew the trials of adversity and sometimes her lot seemed hard to bear, and when called to part with two grown girls past eighteen years, almost in succession, it seemed she must yield to utter despair, but after a long time her spirits revived and she took up her cross with renewed

vigor feeling that, though chastened as was Job, nevertheless she would bless the name of the Lord and continue in his work. She had been told she was destined to do a great work and carry the message to far off countries, and she believed it and lived to do that very thing. She was invited into the homes of royalty abroad and in her travels traversed the Holy Land and rested in sacred places. She was privileged to address crowds in large halls on the continent and her message rang true, for many sought to shake her by the hand and to encourage her in the work. She arrived home from her last trip abroad just as the nations began the terrific struggle of the world war, happy in the thought that she was safely home and had been privileged to visit the nations, doing what she could to preach Christ and him crucified, and always afterward felt that from her efforts would come good though she might never know of its accomplishment."

ARETTA YOUNG

Aretta Young entered the Brigham Young Academy in the fall of 1883. That same year she appeared upon a Christmas program, reading a poem of her own composition, entitled "The Christ Child."

Edwin S. Hinckley, for many years connected with the faculty of the institution, tells us that few experiences have made as profound an impression upon him as did the program of that day, for, says he, "Miss Young's poem, coupled with an inspirational talk by Dr. Karl G. Maeser, brought forth the hour of my spiritual awakening."

It was our good fortune to meet Miss Young under different circumstances, but circumstances equally typical of her life. It was the custom in Dr. Maeser's time to hold a testimony meeting each Sunday morning for the students. One Sunday, near the May day, we entered the hall for the meeting, and there on the rostrum was a beautiful shield made of green vines and branches and upon it was inscribed in letters made of the spring flowers, "Greetings, B. Y. A."

Brother Maeser was there, walking back and forth in front of the rostrum. As the students entered the hall, they invariably made some remark of appreciation in regard to the beauty of the floral decoration. Finally Miss Young entered. Brother Maeser greeted her with his characteristic smile, and then said, "Well, well, Aretta, we are glad you have come. All these young people commenting on that fine piece of work of yours and you not here!"

These two stories to which many others might be added are characteristic of Aretta Young. She has been writing poems all her life for one occasion or another, a birthday, a wedding, a funeral. Truly she has been one of the occasional poets of Zion. She has always been exceedingly fond of flowers and has taken much interest in sending them to her friends in illness, or on any special occasion which might come into their lives.

Her passing is keenly felt by those who knew her well. She was one of the heroic women of the Church, who, battling with ill health during all the productive period of her life, has nevertheless been a creator of the beautiful all of her life. One stanza taken from a poem by President Brimhall, which he read during his discourse at her funeral service, will meet the mind of many of her friends:

A mind that soared above the dust,
A heart that throbbed for duty.
A hand that shared the frugal crust
And touched the world with beauty.

Teachers' Topic for July

PATRIOTISM

I. July is the month that awakens more than ordinary feelings of patriotism.

II. Patriotism is defined as a most powerful impelling motive to action, and as a moral obligation. It embraces the thoughts of independence, liberty, duty. The desire to be and do what is right, fair, honorable, noble, true.

III. Patriotism includes an earnest desire for the welfare of our Church, our State and our Nation, with a faithful devotion and service to each.

Mary Schenck Woolman

Among the women of the nation who will probably ever rank high among the benefactors of her sex, Mary Schenck Woolman, noted author and lecturer upon the problems of girls and women, will find a place. Mary Schenck Woolman, who was for many years professor of Household Arts Education, at Teachers' College, Columbia University, founded there the Department of Domestic Art and held the first professorship in that subject ever established.

As an organizer, Mrs. Woolman has had a very interesting career. While engaged as a lecturer, at Teachers' College, she organized the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, in New York, and acted as its director. Later, about the year 1911, she was elected chairman of an organization committee which was appointed to effect a girls' organization similar to the Boy Scout movement among the boys. The nation-wide organization known as the Camp Fire Girls was the result.

Besides taking part in these activities, Mrs. Woolman has written a number of books upon such subjects as sewing, the making of a trade school, textiles, clothing, etc. Many of these books have been used as texts in some of the best colleges of the land.

She is an outstanding figure in the United States. Her services are in constant demand at universities and vocational conferences, everywhere in the country.

Mrs. Woolman is crossing the country again this season to give some lectures on the coast. Utah was fortunate in procuring her services for a vocational conference in the summer of 1921. We hope that such a conference may be arranged for during the coming season.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 29, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

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Backward and Forward

Church History records the fact that when Harriet Young, one of the three pioneer women, entering the valley on July 24, 1847, saw the prospects before them, and heard the declaration of President Brigham Young that "this is the place," that she grew heart-sick and exclaimed, "Weak and weary as I am, I would rather go a thousand miles farther than remain in such a forsaken place as this." Now, it is quite the usual thing for the stranger who comes within our gates, to discourse on the beauty of Salt Lake Valley and Salt Lake City.

Karl G. Maeser remarked when he saw the students and faculty moving into the new building on the present site of the Brigham Young University, "The old man taught in a cabin, but they have built a palace for his boys to teach in."

These stories present an element of contrast that suggests a resemblance between the humble surroundings of the first Editor of the *Woman's Exponent* and the very comfortable surroundings of the editorial staff of the *Relief Society Magazine* of today. Yet humble surroundings do not deter great work. Brigham Young and his associates laid the foundation upon which others have builded; Karl G. Maeser developed a spirit which those who have followed have sought diligently to foster and perpetuate. We who are privileged to take up the work of the *Relief Society Magazine* after L. Lula Greene Richards, Emmeline B. Wells, whose

service extended over so long a period, Susa Young Gates, and members of the General Board of the Relief Society who have assisted President Clarissa S. Williams since the editorial duties passed to her, assume the responsibility with a feeling of gratitude not unmingled with reverence.

To those who had the concept of a woman's periodical; to those who fostered it when interest was low and sympathy negligible; to those who worked for little or no remuneration, accepting the work as a mission: to them in this hour we make grateful acknowledgment.

The future of the *Magazine* will not be separated from its past. It will be, first of all, the organ of the Woman's Relief Society; secondly, a magazine that shall aim to foster the literary talent of the women of this intermountain country; thirdly, a magazine that shall endeavor to place before its readers stories of real achievement, particularly as they are reflected in the lives of women. In this rapidly changing world of ours, every day brings forth some new surprise, and these surprises, fortunately for the world, are not confined to the realm of man's achievement. Fourthly, the *Magazine* has an opportunity to serve nationally and internationally because the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has in some instances given birth, and in other instances educated and developed, a group of men and women who are today of both national and international import. The native state of these persons, be it Utah, Idaho, Arizona, or any other spot where the people of the Lord are located, will have something to say of these people that can be said of them by no one else, unless others come among us and rob us of our birthright, taking from us the thing that was ours to give. Let us hope this may never be.

In conclusion, we wish to say, the aim of the *Magazine* shall be to hold fast to all that is good in the past, to enlarge and expand that good, and to add unto as we have vision; praying always that that which is written may be dictated under the inspiration of the Spirit of the great Author of Life and Light, in whose path lies the only future of worth for the people of the Lord.

Mothers

Many persons know or have heard of Hull House in Chicago. A greater number, perhaps, are acquainted with the moving genius of this Settlement House, Miss Jane Addams.

At one time there was connected with the Board of the Institution a wealthy man whose daughter, also wealthy, became greatly interested in the babies brought into the Home.

At the time of her marriage she resolved that for every child

that should come to bless her home, she would take into it another child in need of home and parents.

Nine times she and her husband welcomed a little new-comer, and just as often she looked about for a companion for her own baby.

It is rather difficult to conceive of a better purpose to which wealth might be put, suffice to say, that in that day when the Lord shall demand a report of their stewardship, such as she and her husband need have little fear.

This story, unique in its character, will doubtless recall the homes of a good many people, many among the Latter-day Saints, where children bereft of parents, in one way and another, are nevertheless being cherished and cared for as if they were the offspring of those who care for and cherish them.

We have in mind as we write four of the best homes in the Church and in the Nation where fifteen children are receiving the constant care and loving devotion of men and women worthy of honor in the Church and in the State. A group of these children lost their parents during the influenza epidemic, and others have been deprived of their parents in other ways.

Fortunate are they who are caring for these children and greatly blessed are the children who are receiving this care. Happy the child who feels within his soul that divine thing called Mother's Love, whether it come from her who bore him, or from one who, never having known that joy, still rears with tenderness the child that is another's. Happy that woman who arouses within the breast of the child that adoration and respect that good and great children have felt for Mother throughout the ages. Such as she hath eternal riches already.

The Secret of Life

By B. D. Martin

The mountains of the sky ride down
  Toward the setting sun,
A wind bestirs the thoughtful trees,
  Another day is done.

Oft had I pondered in my mind
  The secret of our worth;
Why some men's deeds die with the day,
  And some outlive their birth.

Then, as I watched the setting sun,
  I heard a whispering tree—
"A man may live his life in terms
  Of God's Eternity." —*Selected.*

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

European Mission.

The Relief Society work of the European mission is now under the direction of Mrs. Emma Ray McKay, wife of David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve. In a letter to President Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. McKay reports that a special effort is being made to make the lesson work of the Relief Society more uniform. Mrs. McKay states that the women of the Relief Society are very active in their sewing work, and that they are accomplishing a great deal of good by making useful articles of clothing. They conduct bazaars and socials by which they raise the necessary means to carry on the Relief Society work.

Northern States Mission.

The General Board has been advised that Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor, in accord with its request, has been appointed to preside over the Relief Societies of the Northern States mission. Her husband, John H. Taylor, who is the newly appointed president of this mission, states that the Relief Society work is in good condition and that he and Mrs. Taylor have been pleased with the visits they have made to the various branches. Mrs. Taylor succeeds Mrs. Emily Whitney Smith, who has returned to Salt Lake with her husband, Winslow F. Smith, who preceded Dr. Taylor as president of this mission.

Los Angeles Stake.

On January 21, 1923, the Los Angeles stake was organized by President Heber J. Grant. This new stake, which is comprised of some of the branches of the California mission, now organized into wards, is the eighty-eighth stake of the Church. Mrs. Katherine Romney Stewart was selected as stake president of the Relief Society. Mrs. Stewart was formerly of Salt Lake and was a counselor on the Ensign stake Relief Society board.

Utah Stake.

The members of the Utah stake Relief Society board gave a banquet at the Brigham Young University Art Gallery, Thursday evening, in honor of the stake presidency, the high council, and their wives, and the presidencies of the various auxiliary organizations and their partners. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Pocatello Stake.

A letter from the Pocatello stake Relief Society has been received by the General Board, which reports some of the activities of this stake during last year: "We have in the Pocatello stake twelve fully organized ward societies. During the year 1922 very successful ward conferences were held, the programs being made as instructive and interesting as possible. Social gatherings were held when a fifth Tuesday occurred, and occasionally the second Tuesday was used for a social after the work and business had been completed. During the early fall months every ward held a bazaar. All the wards were extremely successful in obtaining contributions of useful clothing and beautiful pieces of embroidery work. In July and August, two general meetings were held under the auspices of the stake board; special features of these meetings were lectures, one on 'Home Economics' and another, by Mr. Ezra Meeks, a pioneer of the old Oregon trail."

Eastern States Mission.

The Charleston, West Virginia branch of the Eastern States mission is an active organization. A picture of this society is

RELIEF SOCIETY OF CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, BRANCH

printed herewith. The members are working energetically to assist in securing funds to be applied on the building of a new chapel, which is being planned. During the past year, bazaars,

chicken dinners and various other entertainments have been given. One particularly enjoyable affair was a pie supper which is a characteristic entertainment of West Virginia. Already a sum of $450 has been secured for the chapel fund. Efforts are directed also towards caring for the sick and in seeking opportunities to explain the gospel. On October 16, a splendid conference was held and the visit of the mission president of the Relief Society, Mabel Holmgren, was greatly appreciated.

North Sevier Stake.

Although the North Sevier stake is only two years old, the Relief Society now has an enrollment of three hundred and fifty, which is a forty-nine per cent increase in the last six months. Sixty-five per cent of the members are subscribers to the *Magazine*. On February 15, the Relief Societies of the stake were entertained by Redmond ward. This ward was the loser in an attendance contest which was conducted during the last six months of 1922. The Vermillion Relief Society won the contest and received two splendid books as a prize.

Morgan Stake.

During the first three months of this year Relief Society conferences were held in every ward of the Morgan stake. All the conferences were well represented and stake officers were present at every meeting. A special assignment in Scriptural reading has been made in the wards. All members were asked to read the Pearl of Great Price during the month of March, and they will be asked to read the Doctrine and Covenants during the months of April, May and June. Anniversary Day was commemorated in some of the wards. The South Morgan society gave a ball on the evening of the seventeenth of March. On that day Mrs. Clarence E. Rich, one of the Morgan stake Relief Society board members, received congratulations from her friends upon the arrival in her home of a pair of twin boys.

Logan Stake.

In the Logan stake a day a month was set apart during the year 1922 as a temple day. This has stimulated an interest in temple work and many of the members have made special effort to attend on Relief Society day. One of the wards averaged ten days spent in temple work for each enrolled member. The River Heights ward has inaugurated a plan whereby the Bee Hive Girls go to the different homes to care for the babies and young children while the mothers attend Relief Society. The girls in this way fill cells for their Bee Hive work and give the mothers the opportunity to attend Relief Society meeting.

St. Joseph Stake.

On January 6, 1923, the board members of the St. Joseph stake Relief Society entertained the officers and teachers of the various wards in connection with the regular Union meeting. The program consisted of songs, recitations, and toasts after which refreshments were served. The board wished to show its appreciation to the officers of the wards for the many courtesies extended to the board members when they visit the different societies. Stake President Andrew Kimball was in attendance at the social and every one seemed to enjoy the affair very much.

Sevier Stake.

An elaborate pageant, representing four epochs in the development of the Relief Society, was presented by the Sevier stake. After the pageant a social was given which included a dance and an interesting grand march. Many of the persons taking part were in character costume. In the stake the wards have each given an entertainment of some kind to make possible the establishment of a temple and burial clothes department.

Franklin Stake.

Doctor Heber J. Sears, of the University of Utah Health department, was secured by the Franklin stake Relief Society to visit Preston and give a series of health lectures. The Isis theatre was secured and his lectures were greatly appreciated and very well attended. He spoke on (1) The Boy Problem, (2) The Miracle of Motherhood, and (3) The Beginning of Life. All three lectures were illustrated with pictures. He also distributed some government bulletins on health topics which were found to be very beneficial and enlightening.

Central States Mission.

Mrs. Charlotte T. Bennion, president of the Relief Societies of the Central States mission, reports that on February 21, a Relief Society was organized in Wathena, Kansas, with twelve members. A rather unique condition exists in this district as the husbands of these women are not members of the Church. These women have been united in their efforts and they have succeeded, with the help of their husbands, in building a splendid little church house.

Salt Lake Stake.

Anniversary day of the Relief Society, was celebrated by the Salt Lake stake, in the Twenty-second ward chapel, on Saturday, March 17. A program, consisting of songs, recitations, and games

was given and refreshments were served. About five hundred members were present.

New Zealand Mission

President Clarissa S. Williams, has received a letter from Ida A. Taylor, president of the Relief Society of the New Zealand mission. The letter tells of the activities in this far away mission. Part of the letter reads:

"We have had a very pleasant year and feel that we have had some success with our work. We have thirty-one organizations at present. Some are just in their infancy but are doing very nicely.

"In general we have but two meetings a month; a few societies hold weekly meetings. Of the two, one is a theological lesson and the other a work and testimony meeting. Our lesson is printed in the Maori in the mission paper. We are adapting it

NEW ZEALAND MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

from the *Magazine* as far as possible. In the organizations composed of European women the *Magazine* lessons are used as printed.

"During the past year our *Hui Atawhae* (Relief Society) has contributed 37 pounds in cash and 2 pounds worth of merchandise (about $195) for the purchase of bedding for the benefit of the Maori Agriculture College. The various branches have assisted the local priesthood financially where chapels or amusement halls are being built. Bazaars and concerts have been conducted and various articles have been placed on sale at the *Hui Tau* (general conference).

"There is a good spirit existing among our sisters. Most all the organizations understand English, and in most instances the

secretary reads and writes English very well. We understand one another through the heart if we cannot by the tongue. All our Maori sisters are very much interested in Relief Society work and they particularly enjoy the testimony meetings. At our recent conference the women were so eager to speak that one meeting was almost monopolized by them."

A picture of the New Zealand mission board is printed herewith. It was taken at the conference held December 22-26.

In Memoriam

Twin Falls Stake.

The Relief Society of Twin Falls stake sustained a real loss in the death, on September 23, 1922, of one of its loyal members, Anna Hopkins Lamoreaux. Mrs. Lamoreaux was born February 4, 1866, at Smithfield, Utah, and spent the best years of her life in pioneering the waste places of Zion. She married when she was twenty-eight and moved with her husband, Henry C. Lamoreaux, from Preston to Teton Basin, Idaho. She was made secretary of the Relief Society at its first organization there. Among the positions of importance she held in this locality were school trustee and postmistress. In 1908, she moved with her husband to Twin Falls, assuming the secretaryship of the first Relief Society organized there. Later, she was sustained as counselor in this ward. When Twin Falls stake was organized she was chosen a member of the Relief Society stake board. She is the mother of six children, five of whom survive her. She died as she had lived—with a strong testimony of the gospel in her heart.

St. George Stake.

Mrs. Alvina Graf Wittwer, of Santa Clara ward, passed away on March 1, 1923. She was a devoted Relief Society worker, having served as secretary of the ward organization for the past four years. She loved Relief Society work and was always faithful in the discharge of her duties and was interested and diligent in the preparation of the lesson work. At the time of her death she was president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, and during the war she served as president of the local Red Cross chapter. Mrs. Wittwer was born at Santa Clara, October 27, 1876. She married John Samuel Wittwer, of Santa Clara, and five children were born to them. The splendid virtue of thoroughness characterized her everywhere, in her home responsibilities as wel as in her public service. Her unfailing support and cheery presence will be greatly missed by the Relief Society women and by the entire community.

Relief Society Annual Report for the Year 1922

Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts

Balance on hand January 1, 1922:		
Charity Fund	$ 31,752.88	
General Fund	76,245.09	
Wheat Fund	252,907.61	
Total Balance		$360,905.58
Donations Received During 1922:		
Charity Fund	$ 86,585.02	
General Fund	78,441.96	
Annual Membership Dues for General Board	9,799.90	
Annual Dues for Stake Boards	8,234.33	
Received for wheat sold	29,502.37	
Other Receipts	56,645.60	
Total Donations		269,209.18
Total Balances on hand and Receipts		$630,114.76

Cash Disbursements:

Paid for Charitable Purposes	$ 93,298.06	
Paid for General Purposes	75,895.29	
Wheat Fund sent to P. B. O.	123,151.11	
Paid Membership Dues to Gen. Bd.	10,941.96	
Paid Dues to Stake Boards	9,630.78	
Paid for Other Purposes	38,834.90	
Total Disbursements		$351,752.10
Balance on hand December 31, 1922:		
Charity Fund	$ 31,386.16	
General Fund	85,781.47	
Wheat Fund	161,195.03	
Total Balance		278,362.66
Total Disbursements and Balances on hand		$630,114.76

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Assets:		
Balances on hand December 31, 1922:		
All Funds	$278,362.66	
Wheat Trust Fund at P. B. O.	248,221.66	
Other Invested Funds	61,670.53	
Value of Real Estate and Buildings	241,175.11	
Value of Furniture and Fixtures	20,490.92	
Other Assets	27,448.24	
Total Assets		$877,369.12
Liabilities:		
Indebtedness	998.78	
Balance Net Assets	876,370.34	
Total Liabilities and Net Assets		$877,369.12

STATISTICS

Membership, January 1, 1922:		
Executive and Special Officers	7,997	
Visiting Teachers	17,194	
Members	27,200	
Total Enrolled		52,391
Admitted to Membership During Year		8,185
Total Membership During Year		60,576
Membership, December 31, 1922:		
Executive and Special Officers	8,244	
Visiting Teachers	17,708	
Members	27,460	
Total or Present Membership		53,412
Removed or Resigned		6,467
Died		697
Year		60,576
Total Membership During		
The Total Membership Includes:		
General Officers and Board Members	18	
Stake Officers and Board Members	1,052	

Number of Meetings Held	46,478
Average Attendance at Meetings	19,587
Number of Relief Society Organizations	1,284
Number of L. D. S. Families in Stakes	90,254
L. D. S. Women, Non-Members, Eligible	20,690
Number of Relief Society Magazines Taken	23,813

No. of Executive Officers Taking Relief Society Magazine 5,115
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Relief Society Officers 5,361
Number of Visits Made by Relief Society Visiting Teachers During Year 495,159
Days Spent with the Sick..... 61,174
Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound..... 157,107
Number of Families Helped..... 8,193
Bodies Prepared for Burial..... 2,793
Number of Days Spent in Temple Work..... 80,512

(Note: In the foregoing report, all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

For Years 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922

	1919	1920	1921	1922
Paid for charitable purposes	$68,693.41	$87,170.50	$90,872.35	$93,298.06
Total or present membership ..	45,413	48,204	52,362	53,412
No. of R. S. Organizations ..	1,109	1,171	1,203	1,284
No. of R.S. Magazines taken ..	16,249	19,540	22,034	23,813
Days spent with sick	44,023	56,598	54,907	61,174
Special visits to sick	86,487	111,019	137,955	157,107
Families helped	5,152	5,782	7,152	8,193
No. of visits by stake R. S. officers to wards	5,614	4,734	5,364	5,361
No. of visits by R. S. visiting teachers during the year	128,912	391,204	512,998	495,159
No. of days spent in temple work	37,933	61,213	65,016	80,512

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Utah	31,106	Nevada	293
Idaho	9,968	Wyoming	1,387
Arizona	1,933	Colorado	429
Oregon	249	Missions	6,755
Canada	1,108		
Mexico	184	Total.....	53,412

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(Address)
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Room 20, Bishop's Bldg.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Jan. 1914, Vol. 1, Relief Society Bulletin
Mar. 1914. Vol. 1. Relief Society Bulletin
Aug. 1914. Vol. 1. Relief Society Bulletin
Nov. and Dec. 1917, Vol. 4
Sept. 1920, Vol. 7.
May, 1915, Vol. 2

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1 vol. 1919, cloth bound	2.75
5 vols. 1919, leather bound	3.50
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7 vols. 1921, leather bound	3.50
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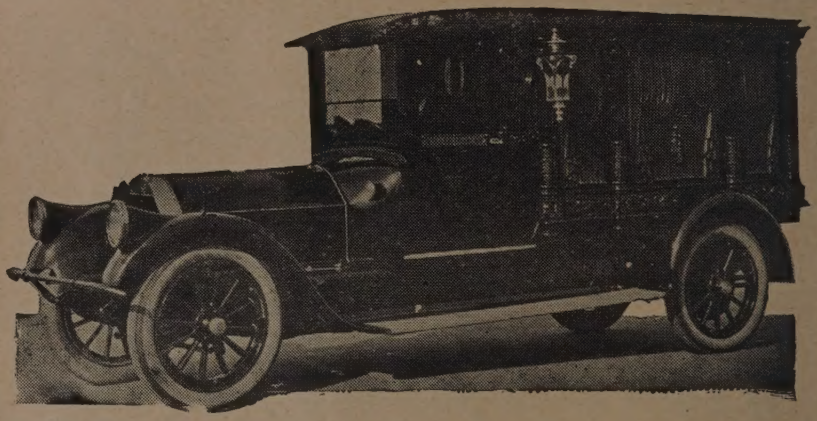

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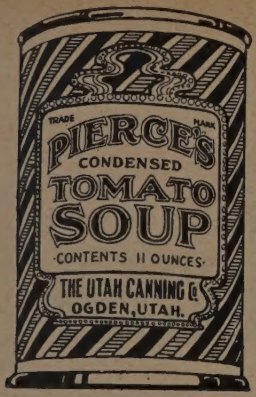

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EXTRACTS

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